

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your person,
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.

Seb. What a strange drownsness possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o' th' Clymare.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke? I finde
Nor my selfe dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:

They fell together all, as by consent

They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might

Worthy *Sebastian*? O, what might? no more:

And yet, me thinks I see it in thy face,

What thou should'st be: th' occasion speaks thee, and

My strong imagination see's a Crowne

Dropping vpon thy head.

Seb. What art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not heare me speake?

Seb. I do, and surely

It is a sleepe Language; and thou speak'st

Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleepe

With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, mouing:

And yet to fast asleepe.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink't

Whiles thou art waking:

Seb. Thou do'st snore distinctly,

There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious then my custome: you

Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,

Trebbles thee o're.

Seb. Well: I am standing water.

Ant. He teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebbe

Hereditary Sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish

Whiles thus you mocke it: how in stripping it

You more inuest it: ebbing men, indeed

(Most often) do so neere the bottomerun

By their owne feare, or sloth.

Seb. Pre-thee say on,

The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime

A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,

Which throwes thee much to yeeld.

Ant. Thus Sir:

Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this

Who shall be of as little memory

When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded

(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely

Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's aliue,

'Tis as impossible that hee's yndrown'd,

As he that sleepes heere, swims.

Seb. I haue no hope

That hee's yndrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,

What great hope haue you? No hope that way, Is

Another way so high a hope, that euen

Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond

But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me

That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of Naples?

Seb. *Claribell*.

Ant. She that is Queene of Tunis: she that dwells

Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from Naples

Can haue no note, vnlesse the Sun were post:

The Man i'th Moone's too slow, till new-borne chinnes

Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom

We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast againe,

(And by that destiny) to performe an act

Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come

In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stufte is this? How say you?

'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of Tunis,

So is she heire of Naples, twixt which Regions

There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose eu'ry cubit

Seemes to cry out, how shall that *Claribell*

Measure vs backe to Naples? keepe in Tunis,

And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death

That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse

Then now they are: There be that can rule Naples

As well as he that sleepes: Lords, that can prate

As amply, and vnneccessarily

As this *Gonzalo*: I my selfe could make

A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore

The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this

For your aduancement? Do you vnderstand me?

Seb. Me thinks I do.

Ant. And how do's your content

Tender your owne good fortune?

Seb. I remember

You did supplant your Brother *Prospero*.

Ant. True:

And looke how well my Garments sit vpon me,

Much feater then before: My Brothers seruants

Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.

Seb. But for your conscience.

Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe

'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feele not

This Deity in my bosome: Twentie consciences

That stand 'twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,

And melt ere they mollest: Heere lies your Brother,

No better then the earth he lies vpon,

If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead):

Whom I with this obedient Steele (three inches of it)

Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,

To the perpetuall winke for aye might put

This ancient morsell: this Sir Prudence, who

Should not vpbraid our course: for all the rest

They'l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke,

They'l tell the clocke, to any businesse that

We say best fits the houre.

Seb. Thy case, deere Friend

Shall be my president: As thou got'st *Millaine*,

I'll come by Naples: Draw thy sword, one stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest,

And I the King shall loue thee.

Ant. Draw together:

And when I reare my hand, do you the like

To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. O, but one word.

Enter Ariell with Musicke and Song.

Ariel. My Master through his Art foresees the danger

That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth

(For else his proiect dies) to keepe them liuing.

Sings in Gonzalo's eare.

While you here do snoring lie,

Open-ey'd Conspiracie

His time doth take:

*If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off slumber and beware.*

Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let vs both be sodaine.

Gon. Now, good Angels preserue the King.

Alon. Why how now ho; awake? why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose;

(Euen now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing

Like Bulls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?

It strooke mine eare most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare;

To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare

Of a whole heard of Lyons.

Alon. Heard you this *Gonzalo*?

Gon. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,

(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:

I shak'd you Sir, and eride: as mine eyes opend,

I saw their weapons drawne: there was a noyse,

That's verily 'tis best we stand vpon our guard;

Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground & let's make further search

For my poore sonne.

Gon. Heaueus keepe him from these Beasts:

For he is sure i'th Island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ariel. *Prospero* my Lord, shall know what I haue

So (King) goe safely on to seeke thy Son.

(done.)

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Caliban, with a burthen of Wood (a noyse of
Thunder heard.)*

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne suckes vp
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prospero* fall, and make him

By ynch-meale a diseafe: his Spirits heare me,

And yet I needes must curse, but they'll nor pinch,

Fright me with Vrchyn-shewes, pitch me i'th mire,

Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke

Out of my way, vnlesse he bid'em; but

For euery trifle, are they set vpon me,

Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me;

And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which

Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount

Their prickes at my foot-fall: sometime am I

All wound with Adders, who with cloven tongues

Doe hisse me into madness: Lo, now Lo, *Enter*

Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me: *Trinculo*.

For bringing wood in slowly: He fall flat,

Perchance he will not minde me.

Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beare off any

weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it

sing i'th winde: yond same blaek cloud, yond huge

one, lookes like a foule bumbard that would shed his

liquor: if it should thunder, as 't did before, I know

not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot

choose but fall by paille-fuls. What haue we here, a man,

or a fish? dead or aliue? a fish, hee smells like a fish: a

very ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the

newest poore-Iohn: a fish

now (as once I was) and ha

a holiday-foole there but v

there, would this Monst

beast there, makes a man:

doit to relieue a lame Begg

a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like

Armes: warme o' my troth

pinion; hold it no longer;

der, that hath lately suffer

the storme is come againe:

der his Gaberdine: there

bout: Misery acquaints

lowes: I will here throwd

be past.

Enter Stephano

Ste. I shall no more to sea,

This is a very scurvy tune t

Funerall: well, here's my

Sings. The Master, the S

The Gunner, and his Mate

Low'd Mall, Meg, and Mar

But none of us car'd for Kate,

For she had a tongue with a t

Would cry to a Sailor goe hang

She lov'd not the fauour of Ta

Yet a Tailor might scratch be

Then to Sea Boyes, and let her

This is a scurvy tune too;

But here's my comfort.

Cal. Doe not torment m

Ste. What's the matter

Haue we duels here?

Doe you put trickes vpon's

Inde? ha? I haue not fear

now of your foure legges;

per a man as euer went on

guine ground: and it shall

phano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The Spirit torment

Ste. This is some Monst

who hath got (as I take it)

should he learne our langu

liefe if it be but for that: if

him tame, and get to N

sent for any Emperour th

ther.

Cal. Doe not torment

wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now;

wisest; hee shall taste of m

drunke wine afore, it will

if I can recouer him, and ke

too much for him; hee sha

and that soundly.

Cal. Thou do'st me yet

non, I know it by thy treit

vpon thee.

Ste. Come on your way

is that which will giue lan

mouth; this will shake yo

that soundly: you cannot

your chaps againe.

Tri. I should know that

It should be, I do